

a handsome cousin, with five thousand a-year. As for the savage blood in him, five thousand a-year would purify that.

"But you are so pale, Norah!" said Lucy, glancing in the glass at her own velvety, rose-red cheeks, round which her dark hair, turned back in a gorgeous roll, was set like a shining frame: white Norah's small, pallid face crowded up with a profusion of colourless hair, looked like that of a little ghost.

"I am always pale," said Norah, "but never mind me now. Tell me of yourself, Lucy. Think how long it is since I have seen you!—two long years! Tell me all that has happened to you since we left Madame Coson's! Are you going to be married?—are you engaged yet?"

"I? No, Norah? I have not had five thousand a-year laid at my feet as you have at yours."

"I should care more about the man than the money," said Norah, gently, "though, indeed, she added below her breath, "they are all alike!" And she sighed.

"Is that your experience, Norah?" laughed Lucy. "Mine is just the reverse. They talk of the dissimilarity of women, and of our chameleon-like characters, but we are the very representatives of monotony compared to men. Why do you say that they are all alike?"

"They are all such tyrants," said Norah.

Lucy looked at her intently; then going up to her she smoothed back her fair hair gently, saying:—

"Is that your experience, my poor Norah? Ah! I understand it all now!"

Norah's lip quivered, and her eyes filled; but her hard life had taught the little creature self-command, and, after a moment, the spasm passed, and left her face as still and calm as ever.

"And your's, Lucy?"

"Mine!—dear little girl, what a question! Don't you know me well enough to know that the man does not live on this earth who could or should play the tyrant over me? No, Norah! not the strongest will or the fiercest temper could conquer me. Let them try! There is not a man in England that I could not make my slave if I chose."

And she laughed—half in deprecation of her imperial boast, half in conscious power—such power as women, when they are young, beautiful and self-willed, alone feel.

"Not your father, Lucy?"

"My father?—Bless his dear gentle heart! he would not hurt a fly, much less offend his daughter, of whom he is so extravagantly proud and fond. Dear, good-tempered papa! he never said 'No,' to my 'Yes,' in his life; nor to mamma's either. No; mamma is more inclined to be tyrannical than papa, but she is not difficult. I can soon kiss her into a good humour; and then I gossip with her, and, dear soul! she likes that. So I get around her, too; if, with a little more management, yet quite as effectually as round papa; and they never dream of thwarting me—never!"

"And your brothers? Am I troublesome? But it is so long since I have seen you, that I understand nothing of your family or your position now."

Norah spoke so timidly, as one accustomed to refusals.

"Ask what you like, dear," said Lucy, in her fine, patronising way. "I shall be very happy to tell you anything. Well! my brothers—they are the best creatures in the world! I have two—as you may remember. Laurence is the eldest; he is like papa—a dear, soft, large, good-tempered thing, more like a big old dog than anything else. I call him Doggie when he is particularly good. Edmund is the youngest of us all; he is a year younger than I—by the bye, just your own age, Nory—and one of the gentlest beings breathing. He is a spiritual, ethereal morsel, into whom nature forgot to put both bones and evil—a perfect angel, dear boy, and such a sweet poet! But he would have been better as a girl than as a man. He is too fair; and really, without nonsense, he has not enough wickedness in him for a true man. As he is, he holds very much the office of the hard of old with us all. We ask his views on all intellectual matters, never his advice on worldly affairs; and, if he were not incorruptible, he would have been spoiled years ago, with all the love and petting he has had. But, to go back to myself. You may see by this sketch of home, Norah, that I have no very formidable opponents to encounter. Laurence is too soft-hearted; Edmund too good—besides being too abstracted—to oppose me; so that, in fact, Nory, I rule the house—and that is just the truth."

"What a happy life!" said Norah, sadly.

"Now tell me yours, Nory."

"O! no, no! never mind mine! It is too tame after yours," said Norah hurriedly. "I have nothing to tell you but what you know."

"Why, child! I know nothing. Come! your history or your life, rebel!"

At that moment a bell rang imperiously, as everything was done at Lyndon Hall.

"The first dinner-bell, Lucy," said Norah, looking frightened. "I must go, dear. Do not be a minute too late, papa is very particular, and punctual to a moment. Mind you are in time, for I want you to be a favorite here," she added with a sad smile.

"Very well, I will be punctual," said Lucy, hurrying about her room and ringing for her maid. Then, when Norah had fairly closed the door, she laughed aloud and said:—

"For to-day only, just to feel my ground."

True to her promise, down she came, five minutes before the time, all radiant in peach-blossom and silver. Little Norah glided in almost immediately after, in a floating light blue robe; the one self-possessed and queenly, the other timid and retiring; the one with her broad black brows and open eyes, her rich complexion and her ruddy, laughing mouth, the other with shy, melancholy orbs always hidden by their drooping lids, with small and delicate lips that smiled more sadly than Lucy's wept.

The Colonel and Gregory were waiting to receive them. The Colonel stood near the fire-place, severely watchful of the hour; Gregory lounged against the chimney-piece, eagerly looking for Norah. The Colonel, with his iron-grey hair and keen grey eyes, his hawk nose, thin face and military bearing, looked the impersonation of severity turned gentleman; while Gregory, swarthy and excited, his large black eyes taking every shade of feeling as mirrors throw back forms, his thick red lips and small white teeth beneath, looked like what he was—the half-caste, with the savage element predominant. Between them both no wonder was it that frail, fair Norah's life was slowly dying out of her; it was a greater wonder how it had been preserved so long.

As Lucy said—writing home to her mother that night, and exaggerating in consideration of her mother's weakness for gossip—she looked like a little white lamb between a lion and a jaguar—the jaguar was the Colonel (added in a footnote). "But," continued Lucy, with a burst of heroism by no means common to her, "I will save her! I feel that I have had this mission given to me, and that I am sent to effect poor Norah's release."

When the party separated that night, Colonel Lyndon reviewed himself anxiously in his dressing-glass—specially about his eyes and round his mouth. After a few minutes he drew himself up, saying:—"Not so many after all! Ah! who knows but that I may even outlast Gregory."

Norah accompanied Lucy to her room. It was such a novelty to her to have one of her own sex near her, that she clung to Lucy as if she had been her sister. She seemed so kind and gentle and soft-hearted to poor Norah, crushed by her father, scorched by her lover, and terrified by both, that, if she could she would never have left her side. Yet Lucy was only a year older than her young hostess, for all she patronised and played mother over her to such perfection.

Lucy spoke of Gregory. Her lids fluttered for a moment over her dark blue eyes, as she said with girlish frankness:

"O, Norah! what a magnificent person your cousin is!"

"Yes, he is very handsome," said Norah; "or, at least, people say so."

"But don't you think him so yourself, Nory?"

"I do not admire that dark style," answered Norah. "His mother was a Nubian, I believe, and the mark of his race is too visible."

"Well, I like it," cried Lucy. "It gives a life and animation which our red and white Saxon men want. His features are regularly and beautifully cut, and I think that the dark blood improves them. It would have been different if he had been like a negro in feature."

"I am glad you like him," said Norah simply. "And he thinks you beautiful—too beautiful to go about the world alone. He said so."

"Did he?" laughed Lucy, looking more pleased than proud. "Rather an impertinent speech to a bride-elect, was it not, Nory? What did you say to him in return? Did you not scold him?"

"No; I said to him just what I said to you—that I was glad he admired you."

"How charmed he must have been with your good sense!" said Lucy.

"No, he was not," answered Norah, not as if making a complaint, but speaking quite tranquilly, as if it was a normal condition of things, and she was used to it. "On the contrary, he was angry and excited. He wanted me to be jealous; but I am not of a jealous nature, and if he thought every woman in the world handsomer than I, it would not disturb me. Indeed, I would be very glad if it quieted him, and took him a little more out of himself, and away from me. Well! I must not keep you up after your journey. Good night, dear. O! how glad I am that you are here!"

She bent her forehead to her friend's lips, and then went up to her own bed-room; where, the sad formula of the night, she cried herself to sleep like a child.

"Poor Norah!" said Lucy. "She does not love that man as much as I love my parrot! What a tragedy is preparing for them all! But what a superb fellow he is!"

Gregory, riding home, could not help giving a thought to Lucy. He was living over the evening again, and the new guest came in for her rightful share of the canvas.

"She is excessively handsome," he thought, "but I do not like her. Something about her repels me. Her eyes are too free and her manners too confident; but she can love—if indeed any man could be found to care for a love which would give itself without being sought. O! Norah's iciest coldness is more enchanting to me than this over-freedom of giving, this prodigal generosity of love in this bold-eyed beauty. But Norah! Norah! can I ever make you love me as I would be loved?"

He took off his hat, so that the night-wind might blow cool upon his feverish forehead, and setting spurs to his horse, galloped many a long mile, seeking by violent exercise to counteract the tumult within him. Norah, pale and weeping in her sleep, murmured, "Why may I not die! O! why cannot I die now!"

(To be continued.)

Gleanings from late Papers.

THE REBELEON IN INDIA.

THE IMPERILLED CONDITION OF THE BRITISH AT LUCKNOW.

Lucknow is still the object of hopes—for again there is a garrison to relieve, or at least to reinforce. Between the Residency and its vicinity, where Outram and Havelock are entrenched, and the fortified post of Alumbagh, on the Cawnpore road, there is a distance of some three miles. While from the Ganges to Alumbagh the road is, for a party of moderate strength, perfectly clear, the remaining three miles are beset with difficulties formidable even to an army. Here are congregated in masses mutineers of the Oude Irregular force and of the regular Bengal army, armed retainers of rebel Pathan or Rajpoot zemindars, and the loose ferocious population that swarms in the bazaars of a Mussulman city; and their position, though we have no exact details of its nature, is clearly a strong one, inasmuch as it consists of a portion of the city, thus involving an attack by our troops in narrow streets and upon houses and walls held by the enemy, a mode of fighting in which, and in which alone, as we know from old Delhi experience, the mutineers show to advantage. Through such a barrier as that constituted by this formidable position it is not surprising that but little correspondence has been able to force its way. Enough, however, has by one means and another reached Cawnpore to show that Outram and Havelock were well holding their own at the beginning of the present month. It was said a month back that the greater part of the city was by that time in our possession. This came by letter from Cawnpore, nevertheless it appears to have given too favourable a view of the state of affairs at the capital of Oude, for as late as the 16th of October only we read in the report of a spy, or "man of the intelligence department," that half the city was in our power. It was probably against the remaining half, and in the attempt to cut a passage to the party at Alumbagh, that the efforts of the force were directed in the engagement or series of engagements that ensued. Of the result of this hard fighting we know nothing, save that Alumbagh was not attained, and, as we hear of no further actions, we conclude that Sir James Outram and his colleague, having experienced an obstinate resistance determined on remaining quietly in their intrenchments till the force at Alumbagh should be so strongly reinforced as to be able to force its way through, or to attack the enemy's rear, while they again assaulted his front. And, happily, they would not have long to wait.

NARROW ESCAPE OF SIR COLIN CAMPBELL FROM CAPTIVITY—FLIGHT OF THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF—SIR JAMES OUTRAM'S MESSAGE FROM LUCKNOW—ARRANGEMENTS FOR A TERRIBLE BATTLE.

Colonel Hope Grant with Colonel Greathed's column, 3,500 strong, reached Cawnpore on the 28th of October. He crossed the Ganges on the 30th, with 18 guns, and his arrival at the Alumbagh has been already reported. He met with no opposition on the road, which, indeed, during the late operations has always been clear, the enemy concentrating all their forces around Lucknow. The column will remain at the Alumbagh till the arrival of the Commander-in-Chief, who left Calcutta on the 28th of October. Sir Colin Campbell travels like a courier, and on the 3rd of November he was at Cawnpore. He had, however, a most narrow escape en route. He persisted, in spite of the warm remonstrances of his friends, in travelling with his personal staff without an escort, and when near Shergotty came upon two mutinous companies of the 32nd Native Infantry. They were leisurely crossing the road, the men sitting on elephants, with parties of horsemen, probably of the 12th Light Cavalry, Holmes's murderers, to protect each flank. The coachman announced their approach, and the Commander-in-Chief, resisting a wild proposal to show fight, retreated for ten miles, till he came up to a bullock-train filled with Europeans. They escorted him to Benares, whence it is believed he again pushed on without a guard. This daring push excites some admiration, but there was more than life hanging on the Commander-in-Chief's safety. Had the cavalry charged on the carriages and eared the inmates, Lucknow might have fallen, for we should not have heard the fate of the party for weeks. He is, however, safe, and every available detachment is concentrating behind him. Col. Berkeley's column is on its road. Col. Hinde, with his force in Rewah, is said to have received his orders; so has Col. Longden,

who, with 520 Europeans, had marched to quiet Juanpore. Col. Wroughton, with most of Jung Bahadur's Ghoorkas, is already on the frontier of Oude. Some Sikhs are on their march from Delhi, and altogether Sir C. Campbell ought to have at least 5,000 Europeans, and some 3,000 Sikhs and Ghoorkas at his disposal. He will not have so many for the actual relief of Lucknow, and he has received a letter from Sir James Outram, declaring that the garrison can hold out for some days yet, and begging that no thought of its danger will interfere with a complete victory. It is understood that Sir Colin will, when all is ready, cross the Goomtee, advance on the bank opposite the town, and from that vantage ground shell the enemy out. He will then recross, and enter the Residency. Lucknow, once secured and fortified, will become his headquarters, whence, inch by inch, he may reconquer Oude. The plan is strikingly able, but its success depends partially upon two contingencies. The first is the time for which the garrison can hold out. That appears to be settled by the letter quoted; but an accident, the explosion of a mine, or the loss of any of the powder in store, may upset all calculations. Secondly, can Sir Colin silence with the guns at his disposal the batteries the rebels will erect on their own side of the river? The Sepoys work their artillery well, and possess quantities inexplicable to men who forget there are 400 fortresses in Oude, not one of which has been dismantled since the annexation. If we may judge at all from previous experience, the plan of the rebels will be to fire as long as they can, then evacuate the city, permit the relieving force to enter the Residency, and close in upon them again. No man, however, can venture to predict the movements of Asiatics.

THE WRITING ON THE WALL AT CAWNPORE.

The following is an extract from the letter of an officer of the Madras Fusiliers at Cawnpore:—"I went the other day to see the house of horrors where the unfortunate women and children were massacred. At the entrance I found a gibbet, and under it the carcass of a wretch who had just been hanged as a spy. It is a small brick building built in a square, the rooms opening into a small court-yard in the centre. The place is still strewn with fragments of clothes and lots of shoes. The walls in places are sprinkled with blood, and the mats on the floor appear to have been drenched with it. On carefully examining the walls I found scratched on the plaster behind a door, the following—written apparently by the wife of a European soldier, of whom there were several shut up there:—

"Countrymen and women, remember the 15th of July, '57. Your wives and families are here in misery and at the disposal of savages, who have ravished both young and old, and then killed us. Oh! oh! My child! my child! Countrymen, revenge it!"

I don't think anything would appeal so strongly to the feelings of our countrymen at home, as this simple statement of misery. It is expressed and spelt as above, and seemed to have been scratched with the point of a knife. The walls of the little room where it was written were spattered with blood, and the plaster cut in several places with swords. I went to see the intrenchment where Wheeler defended himself so long. It is a low mud bank about three feet high, surrounding two large buildings that were formerly hospitals. The walls of these are literally riddled by round shot, and the roofs of both have fallen in. It seems quite miraculous, when you look at the wretched defence, how men could have held out one day, much less many days, against a host well armed, and provided with big guns and every requisite material. They must have been arrant cowards—as, indeed, we know they were—for they never dared to come out into the open, but fired from the cover of some half-finished barracks near the intrenchment. If with the small force we have had hitherto we have been able to command victory, what will it be when England's armies now arriving march through the country? In six months India will be more entirely in our power than it has ever been before."

BOMBARDMENT OF FUTTEYPUR-SIKREE, AND DEFEAT OF REBELS AT MUTTRA.

On the 27th of October Colonel Cotton, with a small body of troops, made a forced march from Agra towards Futteypur-Sikree, where a large body of the Indore fugitives were said to be assembled. The force consisted of 200 of the Engineer Brigade, three light field battery guns, two 8-inch howitzers, a detachment of Sikh cavalry and infantry, under the command of Lieut. Sheriff, and the militia cavalry. They reached their destination on the morning of the 28th, but found that the bulk of the enemy had decamped during the night. A few desperate men still held a very strong position in the Teheldaree and buildings around. After a short bombardment, a 9-pounder was brought to bear on the eastern gate, when the troops burst in and stormed the place. Twelve men were killed inside, and five cut up by the cavalry when attempting to escape. We had seven or eight men wounded, most of them slightly, amongst them was Lieut. Glubb. No one was killed. The Kerowlee Rajah's troops had before this destroyed a portion of the same set, when attempting to cross the Chumbul. The column next proceeded towards Muttra, at which place they arrived on the 31st, having cut up some 150 rebels at the village of Baegree, where a large quantity of ammunition was secured. They were still at Muttra on the 2d Nov., and were next to march towards Hodal.

THE IMMENSE TERRITORY TO BE RECONQUERED—CENTRAL INDIA IN A STATE OF HORRIBLE ANARCHY.

About Jubbulpore all is said to be in a state of anarchy. There are two regiments of Madras Cavalry there, but the rebels are in every direction, like flies in summer, and the force cannot leave the station. Sir R. Hamilton, the active Resident at Indore, leaves Calcutta by his steamer for Bombay. There he will find a column of Europeans, with whom he will march straight on Indore, re-establish the authority of Holkar, crush the rebels, and cleanse Central India. There is no danger of his showing an unwise leniency. Another column moves as soon as possible from Bombay through Saugor and Bhopal, rebuilding our shattered prestige there also. It seems to be thought in England that we shall have almost too many men for the work before us. It is forgotten that the territory to be reconquered is larger than France, Austria, Prussia, and Spain all put together, with no means of communication, and a population at best passive. At the present moment Oude, with its forts, its chiefs, and its armed populace is in open insurrection. In several districts of the North-west the authority of the British is limited to the ground they stand on; Central India is in horrible anarchy. Anarchy in India is not merely the absence of the constable. It means the rule of banditti springing in every direction out of the ground, the subjugation of the merchant, the artisan, and the cultivator to the classes who live by plunder, and who in their hour of triumph invariably display the cruelty innate in the Asiatic. In Bengal Proper, the richest of our provinces, there is not out of Calcutta a disposable European. Assam, a province as large as Wales, is guarded by 100 sailors. Dacca, a country the exports of which alone last year were worth £2,000,000 sterling, has another hundred. Dinapore and Rungpore, districts about the size of Yorkshire, have not a man. The troops are wanted in 50 points at once, and until the North-west is subjugated they cannot be spared. The number of deaths, too, will be very great both from battle and exposure, and reinforcements ought to be poured in to the extent of at least 30 per cent. of the original force.

FEMALE HEROISM IN INDIA.—The Rev. Mr. Souder, an American missionary in India, gives the following instances of heroism:—"In one place, a lady and her husband fled in their carriage. He stood upright. She took the reins. She

lashed the horses through a band of mutineers, while he with cool aim shot dead one who seized the horses' heads, and another who clung behind the carriage behind to cut him down. On they fled, till they again found themselves among foes, and a rope stretched across the road made further escape appear impossible. True to herself, she dashed the horses at full speed against the rope, and as they, bearing it down, stumbled, she by rein and whip raised them, while her husband's weapons again freed them from those who succeeded in leaping upon them. He was wounded, but both escaped with their lives. In another place, a young lady, the daughter of an officer, shot seven mutineers before they killed her. A captain, pressed by his Sepoys, with his good sword slew twenty-six of them before he fell!"

The Examiner.

CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. I., JANUARY 18, 1858.

THE GOVERNMENT AND THE BANK.

We have no desire to protract the discussion which has been forced upon us respecting the application that was made to the Government a short time since on behalf of the Bank; but the facts which we, as a public journalist, felt it our duty to announce in reference to that application, having not only been impugned and stigmatised as wilful misrepresentation, but the Government as well as ourselves having been maligned for the information we offered to the public, we consider it due to ourselves and to our readers to produce the necessary proofs in support of our affirmations. It was certainly the duty of our assailants in this matter to prove the falsity of our assertions, if they could. If barely telling a person, however, that he is a wilful falsifier of certain facts, can be accepted as evidence that he is such a character, the writers in the *Islander* on the Bank affairs are entitled to the credit of having discovered a new mode of ratiocination.

In the *Examiner* of the 14th ultimo, we stated in an article on commercial affairs generally, the nature of the application which the Bank deemed necessary to make to the Government. Our statement was to this effect: that a deputation, consisting of the President and some of the Directors, had waited upon His Excellency the Lieutenant Governor, and requested that the Government would give public authority for postponing the call of the unpaid Stock—suspending specie payments, and to declare that the Notes of the Bank would continue to be received at the Treasury in payment of duties and other obligations—the Bank offering to place in the hands of the Treasurer Government Warrants sufficient to cover the amount of Notes so received, as a collateral security for their redemption. We stated that the Executive readily assented to the latter part of the request, but declined to authorise the postponement of the call of Stock, or otherwise to interfere with the operation of the Bank Act. At the time of making this statement, we had not seen the written application of the Bank Directors, but we shall presently show, by the production of the document itself, that the account of it we had received was substantially correct. To our announcement of the facts indicated, we appended the following observations, to the truth of which we have the testimony of the Bank Directors themselves, as will likewise presently appear:—

"Although we consider that the Notes of our Bank are quite as safe as any description of Bank Notes afloat at the present day, when Banks from one end of the Continent to the other are daily succumbing to the crisis, we must not shut our eyes to the fact that the public excitement would not be so soon allayed, and our Bank paper allowed to pass current as heretofore, if the Government had acted in a churlish spirit, and refused to receive their Notes at the Treasury."

As a reply to these observations, the *Islander* of the 25th ult. published a communication, which bears internal evidence of having been written by one of the Directors, in which two very important facts of our statement are set aside, and after a display of much ill temper, the public are informed that the Bank merely requested the Government to authorise a postponement of the call of the unpaid Stock, and to introduce a Bill to indemnify the Directors for that infraction of the Bank Charter. We quote the passage which bears upon this subject from the communication referred to:—

"The Bank Directors, acting, of course, under the responsibility of their position, asked the Government to promise to introduce a Bill into the House of Assembly, at its next meeting, to alter the Bank Charter so as to enable the Directors to postpone the call for the remaining £7500 of the subscribed stock to a more opportune period, when it could be more easily met by both farmers and merchants, and yet be paid time enough for its actual employment, when the notes already issued got into full circulation. The Directors, on being refused so reasonable, and, to all appearance, so necessary a request, in order to save the Bank Charter, deemed it most prudent to suspend, for the time being, the payment of their notes in specie, so as to have the £15,000 specie required by law in the Bank when the remaining instalment of £7500 will be paid up, and so secure the Charter in defiance of the machinations of all those inimical to its existence. After the Charter shall be so perfected, we understand the Directors will go on paying cash on demand, as heretofore. Now, it must be quite obvious, that, had the Government met the request of the Directors in anything else than "a churlish spirit," there would be no necessity whatever for a suspension of specie payments by the Bank. We next have the boast of the Bank. Notes being taken into the Treasury on condition of the Bank giving security for the amount of notes so received; but what amount of security the little *Examiner* man does not say, although it is not many days past since a single 'hawbee,' we believe, would be better security than all the treasure in the Treasury!"

From that part of the above extract between asterisks it will be distinctly seen that the Government are accused with having compelled the Bank to suspend, whereas we shall presently show that the Bank Directors had in the first instance contemplated a suspension, and asked the Government to authorise it.

In the *Islander* of the 8th instant the editor steps forth to endorse the views and statements of his correspondent, which, of course, he implicitly believes; and takes occasion to charge us with "misrepresentation," in stating the nature of the request preferred by "the infant Bank," of an attempt to injure which the Government are accused. We take from the article referred to, the following extract, to show how completely our contemporary has been gulled by his correspondent:—

"The *Examiner* of the 14th December says, that a deputation of the Bank Directors 'waited upon His Excellency the Lieutenant Governor, and requested that the Government would give permission to suspend specie payments.' We have stated that we did not blame the Government for declining to comply with the request, though the refusal was inconsistent with the boasted advantages of Responsible Government. But from a communication to the *Islander* of the 25th ult., it appears that the statement of the *Examiner* is essentially incorrect; the request of the Bank Directors being for the Government to introduce a Bill into the Legislature to postpone, for a short time, the payment of £7,500 by the Stock-holders, next month."